# Over a Honeysuckle Hedge

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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The afternoon was sunny and warm, and the young man lying beneath the oak tree let the book slip from listless fingers and his eyes wander idly to the tangle of green above. Thus it happened that he did not see a slender white figure which came down the hill to the fragrant hedge dividing them. Aroused by a slight sound, he thrust back his hat. For an instant he gazed, bewildered. Then, meeting the girl's surprised look, he sprang up.

"I hope that I am not trespassing," he began doubtfully. "If I am intruding"—

"No, I believe not," she responded. "Our land stops at this hedge, I fancy. If you care to stay, of course—I came to look at the view," she added, with some irrelevance. The man nodded.

"It is great," he agreed. "I have rarely seen anything more beautiful." He was still looking straight at her, and the girl gave him a suspicious glance. "I often come here to read Omar," he went on calmly. "It fits in somehow."

"Really," with polite if vague interest. "You care for Omar, then?"

"Immensely. A book of verses, underneath the bough; a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness—ah, wilderness were paradise now!"

The girl gravely unfurled her fluffy parasol.

"I must not longer interrupt your reading, then," she said. "Goodby."

"Goodby! But you have only just come. Please don't go," he begged. "I've read enough for today."

"But I don't know you," she objected. The man held out the Omar.

"My name is on the title page," he suggested tentatively, and the girl, after a moment's hesitation, ruffling over the pages, read the name aloud.

"Gordon Lenox Maxwell. Are you really Gordon Maxwell?" The man looked surprised.

"What do you know of me?"

"Who has not heard of the great tennis champion?" she laughed, half mockingly. "Here is your book."

"But you were only a child then," he persisted. "And I have been abroad ever since."

"Sure, but children have good memories, you know."

"You must have been a lovely child," he murmured reflectively. The girl frowned.

"I really must go," she repeated. Maxwell took a hasty step forward.

"Please don't. And forgive me. And won't you tell me who you are?" The girl shook her head decidedly.

"I only tell my name to my friends."

"And are not we friends?"

She opened wide eyes. "Not yet surely."

"Well, let's pretend then," he urged. The girl, gazing at him with more approval, relented a little.

"Let's pretend by all means. I will therefore introduce myself as the Princess of the Blue Forgetmenots, who lives in yonder enchanted castle," waving her hand toward the hill. Maxwell sighed contentedly.

"What a lovely name. It exactly suits your eyes. And is Mrs. Cory your aunt, then?" hurrying on at signs of danger. "Why haven't I met you before? I will come and call," reflectively. "I love Mrs. Cory." The girl flushed.

"No, no, you mustn't!" she cried abruptly—"that is, my aunt is ill," half confused. Then, at Maxwell's puzzled stare, she broke into persuasion. "Don't you see how the whole thing would be spoiled?" she cried. "If we were to meet at teas and chatter inanities as people do, if you were to meet me 'out' as plain Miss Smith—can't you see, don't you understand?"

"But"—objected Maxwell. The girl's eyes flashed.

"Oh, very well, then; do it," she declared. "What does it matter anyway? I should not have come here, should not have spoken to you at all. You have shown me that quite plainly. Therefore in any case I think the acquaintance had better stop here and now."

"But," interposed Maxwell again, "can't you see it's only because I want to meet you again somewhere, anywhere?" recklessly. "What do I care for Mrs. Cory? You will come back here?" he implored. The girl smiled.

"You will promise to stay on your own side of the hedge?"

"If I must," obediently. "But—am I never to cross it?" Her face changed.

"Before I leave I will myself break the spell, and then perhaps"—she hesitated. "But until then, no."

"You are going," in alarm. She laughed again.

"Surely you cannot expect me to remain forever?"

"I could remain here—forever," he answered.

"On the other side of the fence?" with tilted chin.

"On the other side," emphatically. "Would I were there now!"

"Already wishing for my departure," murmured the girl in exaggerated reproach. "Goodby, then; this time really goodby."

"But you will come back?" eagerly.

She paused and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Perhaps," she answered.

The slow, sweet summer days drifted lazily by, and with them Maxwell, half consciously, but none the less steadily, felt his peace of mind slipping likewise. Hillside was a quiet place. The Country club, where he was stopping, was small and dull. No one questioned his comings and goings, and more and more he felt his life concentrating into the hour passed beneath the big oak. Every afternoon he hurried to the tree and watched eagerly for a glimpse of the white frock. Everlasting seemed the days in which she did not appear. Yet still she remained as elusive, as tantalizing and as charming. Did these days mean anything to her? He hardly dared hope for it, and yet—

If she would only come once in the evening, then he might indeed believe himself more than a mere acquaintance. But at his suggestion there she only laughed.

And then at last, when all the world lay white and dreamy beneath the moonshine, she came, stepping daintily across the dewy grass. At sight of her Maxwell drew a long breath.

"Ah, moon of my delight that knows no wane," he breathed. The girl's gaze wandered past him to where the waves danced in shimmering ripples under the soft radiance, and for a space the spell of the night laid its hush upon them. Maxwell leaned toward the barrier.

"Do you smell the honeysuckle?" he murmured. The girl shivered.

"It is almost too sweet," she answered low, "too intense."

"Then give me the spray you wear," he begged. But as she mechanically held it out he drew back.

"Put it on for me," he besought.

Still in silence the girl bent across the odorous hedge and slipped the flower into his coat. Suddenly his hand closed over the fingers on his breast, holding them so that she could feel the pounding of his heart. For a long moment the girl looked deep into his eyes. Her heart quickened, and her face showed white in the moonlight, but she drew away the hand and managed to smile.

"The game has been very pleasant," she said slowly. "But now the end has come, and tonight I am to say goodby."

Maxwell started. "Goodby," he echoed stupidly. "Now, after you have come to me. Goodby! It has not been all a game," he went on, gathering courage. The girl put up a protesting hand.

"No, no; we were pretending, remember."

"There was no pretense on my side." Maxwell's voice was steady. "I love you."

"But you can't, you mustn't. You're not playing fair. Besides you don't even know my name," urged the girl in dismay. Maxwell laughed.

"Not know you? I have always known you and waited for you," he asserted. The girl, who had glanced up quickly, shook her head.

"You are mistaken," she murmured. "I—I thought ourselves just pretending. I thought you knew the rules of the game. Forgive me, but—I am already engaged."

"What!" The exclamation broke sharply from Maxwell. When he went on it was in an altered voice.

"I see. It has been my own fault. I should have played even, but I put too much on the hazard. Double or quits the game, and I lose. Quits it is," with a bitter little laugh. The girl caught her breath.

"But I never dreamed that you would take it like this," she faltered. "And—and it was so long ago that I became engaged. It is only lately I have learned that he still cares. Would you care to see my engagement ring?" rather wistfully. "Yes, I want you to," as Maxwell uttered a fierce protest. Untying a blue ribbon from her throat, she laid it in his palm. On the ribbon was fastened a slender circlet of gold twined with forgetmenots. Maxwell looked at it with distaste.

"Hence your name," he said absently, twisting the ring with unconscious fingers. "A good message for him to leave, but surely an unnecessary name for you. Who would forget you, blue eyed princess? Blue is true. Blue is—why"— He broke off abruptly, with eyes suddenly riveted on the little ring. For a second he stared in bewilderment, then glanced at the girl. Her face was rose red in the moonlight, and Maxwell gasped.

"Madeleine!" he cried swiftly, incredulously. "Madeleine, is it really you? My dear little girl sweetheart, my first little love, who promised to marry me when she grew up the day I gave her this ring? Madeleine!" The girl uttered an uncertain little laugh.

"I am Madeleine."

"And you knew me all the time?" with sudden intuition.

"Why, I—I heard that you were here," under lowered lashes. "And the book settled it. I told you children had good memories. Didn't you think me very forward for a princess? You see, I didn't want you to know me, because that is"—breaking off in pretty embarrassment. "You see"—

"I see that I have been an ass!" exclaimed Maxwell unsteadily. "Madeleine," he leaned across the hedge and tried to take her hand, but the girl slipped back. "Madeleine, I can't put the ring back from this side of the hedge." His pulses were racing; his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "Madeleine, may I cross the hedge?"

There was a moment's silence, tense, vibrant, through which Maxwell caught dimly the distant beat of the waves, the delicate, penetrating fragrance of the honeysuckle. Then slowly she lifted tender, wistful eyes to his, while her lips curved into the sweetest smile.

"You may try," she said.

### Reason For Laughing.

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It isn't a bit funny."

"They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."

# Mrs. Bluebeard

By Izola L. Forrester

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"Is it antique?"

Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carvings, if you meant that sort of thing. Why, Bess"—she turned to the questioner with sudden energy—"I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious"— She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested."

Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious Bob's not telling you a word about it and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of it being locked shows that some one didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess rose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin and the confidence of eighteen in her blue eyes.

"Of course you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilet of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Goodby, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He's a dear, and if it were I I'd hunt a locksmith all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small, girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semigloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft violet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course it was business. Merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself out rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way, she had always blamed her for the romance and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now, Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps after all Bob had been jealous of the copper made millions and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift, a Japanese bronze griffin with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet, and she picked it up. It was a small, old fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea for concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with the candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Halfway there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little low door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent shaped, supported on hand carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeonholes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly, and she held her breath. The key turned easily, and the drawer was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been the unfaltering belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet at the first blow of suspicion it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a postmortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she relocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for tonight," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first new year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyway?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't wish to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said, "you blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadleigh. It's been in the family since the year 1, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldly I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.


### In Praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"Allow me to give you a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy" says Mr John Hamlett, of Eagle Pass, Texas. "I suffered one week with bowel trouble and took all kinds of medicine without getting any relief, when my friend, Mr. C. Johnson, a Merchant here, advised me to take this remedy. After taking one dose I felt greatly relieved and when I had the third dose was entirely cured. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for putting this great remedy in the hands of mankind." For sale by Nick Doffing & Co.

Grip! Sore lungs! Pneumonia! Stop the disease by taking Dr. Miles' Nervine.

## Indigestion Causes Catarrh of the Stomach.

For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of indigestion inflames the mucous membranes lining the stomach and exposes the nerves of the stomach, thus causing the glands to secrete mucin instead of the juices of natural digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

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# Oakfield and Brayton

**First Baptist Church Services:**

Preaching, Sunday at 10:45 a. m.
Sabbath School at 12 m.
Junior League at 3:30 p. m.
Baptist Young People's Association at 6:30 p. m.
Preaching, Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
Midweek prayer meeting, Wednesday evening 7 p. m.
Young Peoples prayer meeting Friday evening 7 p. m.

CHARLES SLOAN, Pastor.

H. S. Wattles was expected home from Carson Tuesday.

Chas. Scharff of Troublesome attended the state fair last week.

Geo. Chase has been very ill the past week with kidney trouble.

Bisom & Hansen sent out a load of hogs Monday evening to Des Moines.

Floyd Freeman and Andrew Thompson were Exira visitors Monday.

Miss Sadie Johnson is now working for Mrs. I. P. Hallock, of Oakfield.

The Misses Mae and Pearl Jenkins visited friends in Exira, Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrardy of Exira were calling on friends in Brayton, Sunday.

Willis Jenkins of Atlantic was visiting Brayton relatives and friends Monday.

Dell Heath started Monday on his return to his home at Plankinton, South Dakota.

Bruce Noon and little nephew and niece were down from Exira visiting friends Monday.

Mr. Walker of Gray had private business over on Troublesome, Sunday and Monday.

Foster & Anspaugh will do a lot of concrete paving for J. T. Jenkins in the near future.

Arthur and Vera Anderson went out to Oakland Saturday to visit with friends a few days.

Miss Jennie Jennings of Exira was visiting a couple of days last week at the F. Heath home.

Mrs. Frank Heath has been having a bad time the past week with the neuralgia of the face.

A merry dance was given at the home of Geo. Hansen, west of Brayton Saturday evening.

Next Sunday Brayton and Elkhorn base ballists will cross bats on the grounds of the former.

T. J. McGovern's baby is still very ill and the case seems to have arrived at the critical period.

S. P. Daugaard is intending to start September 6 to the Dakotas with a party of land tourists.

Mrs. Bopp returned to Atlantic Monday after visiting at the home of her brother T. J. McGovern.

All the stalwart republicans of Brayton attended the primary election in Exira Monday evening.

H. B. Jennings, the sewing machine agent at Exira, transacted business here, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Christensen entertained Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Jacksonville the last of the week.

Mrs. Treat, of Atlantic, arrived in Brayton Monday evening and is the guest of Mrs. Reynolds, south of town.

Dan Freeman, of Audubon, attended to the bank business during the absence of Mr. Miller last week.

S. C. Nelson and daughter were in Audubon, Wednesday, visiting with friends and attending to business affairs.

Kimball Bros. are intending to move from Atlantic and will soon occupy the rooms over the hardware store.

Mrs. Sisler and children of near Anita were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Koob, a part of last week.

Fred Huffman is on the sick list this week with another severe attack of hernia which he first contracted several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Mickelsen of Omaha left Brayton Saturday after visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Thompson.

Hard nut coal at the Green Bay bins at Brayton.

NELS SORENSEN,
8-11-tf Manager.

Hans Marquesen, of near Kimballton, delivered eighteen head of very fine hogs to our buyers, Bisom & Hansen, and J. T. Jenkins sold them seventeen head.

Elmer Heath and son went to Atlantic, Monday to work in the canning factory. If Mr. Heath can secure a house he will move his family there for the present.

Joe Price, a former citizen of this vicinity but now of Watertown, S.D., was in the recent cyclone and word comes that everything he had went up and away in the whirl.

Charley White of Audubon and Ned Wood of Kimballton made their last appearance before the primaries last week and did some good work in and around Oakfield and Brayton.

Mrs. Matt Klever and children, of northeast of Audubon, were the guests of her cousin, Mr. Chas. Schwalve and wife down on the county line last week, returning home Monday.

The new time table goes into effect today (Thursday) and is as follows: Going north, leaves 6:45 a. m. and 3:24 p. m. Going south, leaves 10:15 a. m. and 5:12 p. m. How do you like it?

The Marne & Elkhorn Telephone Central in at the Bendixen store is fine, the switch board being one of the latest and communication is established over the line with this town.

Raymond Miller and Wendell Smith started Thursday to enter Highland Park college for the fall term. L. F. Miller, father of the former, went along to see the boys settled, returning Saturday.

Yellow Rose is now at her stable in this town. Frank Jenkins, her driver, was called to Davenport last week but thinks he will take the little flyer to the Audubon and Avoca races before taking her away from this part of the state.

Brayton markets for Tuesday of this week:

Cattle; butcher's stuff 1½c to 3c top 5.00 hogs 4.70; wheat 88c; corn 42c; oats 25c; barley 28c; butter 13c; eggs 14c; hens 8c; ducks 7c; turkeys 8c; geese 5; chickens 10c; potatoes 40c.

Many people were in town, Sunday, to witness the great ball game which did not materialize, much to their regret, on account of the Atlantic team not coming to time. Various surmises are offered for their non-appearance but the most plausible one seems to be that they could not secure their boss players from other towns to assist and wisely remained at home.

### Window Dressing as a Fine Art.

In one important department, unmolested by public criticism, the advertisers have even now established tastefulness as the underlying essential principle of their competition. This is in window dressing, a vital part of advertising. The beautiful, not the bizarre; the attractive rather than the startling; the alluring and interesting are now sought in the window effects of every shop, from the great department store to the little candy kitchen; from the basement lights of a modest florist to the long plate glass front of a shoe emporium. Salaries of several thousand dollars a year are paid in cities to the "artists" most skilled in window dressing, and their requisitions for plants or ribbons—totally irrelevant as these may be to the stock on sale and designed merely to add to the beauty of the window picture—are honored ungrudgingly. In effect the merchant says, "Give me a beautiful window that people will stop and look at, and that yet shall indicate generally the sort of goods I handle, and I do not care what it costs."—Charles M. Robinson in Atlantic.

### Ice In India.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw. On the straw broad, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a powerful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls. Should the straw get wet it becomes more matted and compact and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor then acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold and retards freezing.

### Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.


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